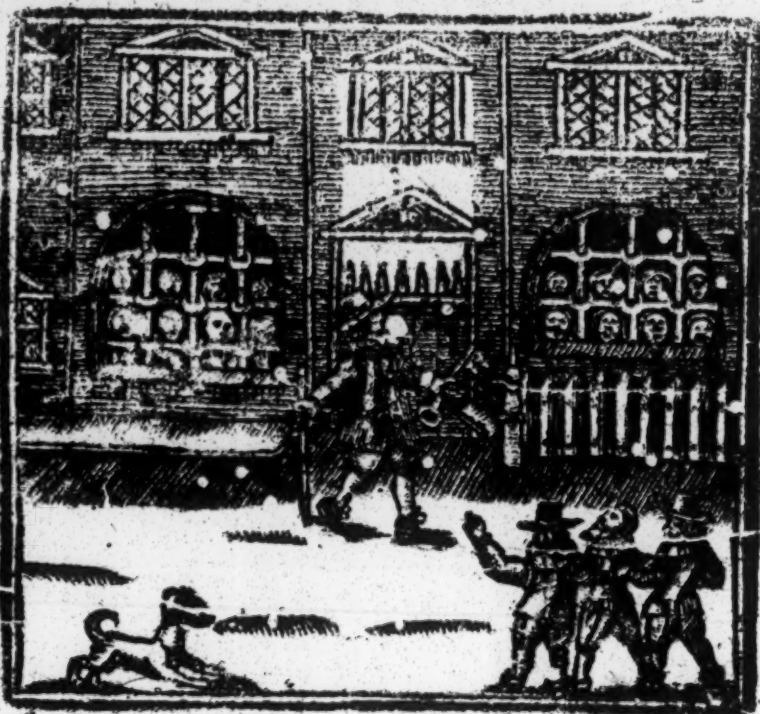


A most Notable Example of an Ungracious Son
 who in pride of his heart denyed his own Father, and how God for his offence,
 turned his Meat to loathsome Toads.
 To the Tune of, Lord Derby.



In searching famous Chronicles,
 it was my chance to read,
 A worthy Story strange and true
 whereto I took good heed:
 Betwixt a Father and a Son,
 this rare examples stands,
 Which well may move the hardest hearts
 to weep and wring their hands.
 A Farmer in the Country liv'd,
 whose substance did excel,
 He sent therefore his eldest Son,
 in Paris for to dwell.
 Where he became a Merchant man,
 and Traffick great he used,
 So that he was exceeding Rich,
 till he himself abused:
 For having now the world at will,
 his mind was fully bent,
 To Gaming, Wine, and Wantonness,
 till all his Goods were spent:
 Yet through excessive Riourness,
 by him was shew'd forth,
 That he was three times more in Debt,
 than all his wealth was worth.
 At length his Credit quite was crackt,
 and he in Prison cast,
 And every man against him then,
 did set his Action fast:
 Then he lay lockt in Irons strong,
 for ever and for aye,
 Unable while his life did last,
 this grievous Debt to pay.

And living in this woful case,
 his eyes with tears he pent.
 The lewdness of his former life,
 too late he did repent:
 And being void of all relief,
 of help and comfort quite,
 Unto his Father at the last,
 he thus began to write:
 Bow down a while your heedful ear,
 my loving Father dear,
 And grant I pray, in gracious sort,
 my piteous plaint to hear;
 Forgive the foul offences all,
 of your unworthy Son,
 Which through lewdness of his life,
 hath now himself undone:
 O my good Father, take remorse,
 on this my extreame need,
 And succour his distressed case,
 whose heart for woe doth bleed:
 In direful Dungeon here I lye,
 my feet in fetters fast,
 Where my most cruel Creditors,
 in Prison have me cast.
 Let pity therefore pierce your breast,
 and mercy move your mind,
 And to release my misery,
 some shift dear Father find,
 My chiefest chear is bread full blown,
 the boards my lowest Bed,
 And stony stones my pillows serve
 to rest my troubled head.

My dear Father,
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 Dear Father,
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 And let me no
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 Four hundred
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 But all the san
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 Then was his
 his Debt disc
 and he as like
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 Then when he
 who for to be
 had sold his li
 and eke him
 So that he liv
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 That may ri
 his hunger



Garments all are worn to rags,
 my body starves with cold,
 seeing vermine eat my flesh,
 grievous to behold :
 Father, come therefore with speed,
 to me out of thy hall,
 me not in Prison dye,
 your help I call :
 And this man no sooner had
 this written record,
 teeming tears along his cheeks,
 plentifully did rowl :
 My Son, my Son, quoth he ;
 my joy'st most,
 Alas not long in Prison lye,
 then it may cost.
 hundred head of well fed Beast,
 changed into Gold,
 hundred quarters of good Corn,
 silver eke he sold :
 but the same could not suffice
 honourous fast to pay,
 at the last constrained was,
 to sell his land away :
 And his Son released quere,
 Debt discharged clean,
 as like and well to live,
 he before had been :
 when his loving Father hear,
 for to help his Son,
 sold his living quere away,
 eke himself undone :
 that he lived poor and bare,
 in such extreame need,
 many times he wanted food,
 hunger Corps to feed.

His Son mean time in wealth did grow,
 whose substance now was such,
 That sure within the City then,
 few men were found so Rich
 But as his Goods did still encrease,
 and Riches it did slide,
 So more and more his hardened heart,
 did swell in hateful pride.
 It fell out upon a time,
 when ten years more was past,
 Unto his Son he did repair,
 for some relief at last :
 and being come unto his house,
 in very poor array,
 It chanced so that with his Son,
 great store should dine that day :
 The poor old man with hat in hand,
 did then the Porter pray,
 To shew his Son, that at the Gate
 his Father there did stay :
 Whereat this proud disdainful wretch,
 with taunting speeches said,
 That long ago his fathers bones
 within the Grave was laid :
 What Rascal then is this ? quoth he,
 that stainer thus my state,
 I charge thee Porter presently,
 to drive him from my Gate.
 Which answer when the old man heard,
 he was in mind dismay'd,
 he wept, he wail'd, and wrung his hands
 and thus at length he said :
 O cursed wretch and most unkind,
 and worker of my woe,
 Thou Monster of humanity,
 and eke thy fathers foe.

Have I been careful of thy case,
 maintaining still thy State,
 and dost thou now most doggedly,
 enforce me from thy Gate :
 and have I wrong'd thy Brethren all,
 from thy hall to let thee free,
 and brought my self to Beggars state,
 and all to succour thee !
 Woe worth the time that first of all
 thy body I espied,
 Which hath in hardness of thy heart,
 thy Fathers face deny'd. —
 But now behold how God that time,
 did shew a wonder great,
 Even when his Son and all his friends
 were sitting down at meat :
 For when the fairest Pie was cut,
 a strange and dreadful case,
 Most ugly Toads came crawling out,
 and leaped in his face :
 Then did this wretch his fault confess,
 and for his father sent,
 and for his great ingratitude,
 full sore he did repent,
 all virtuous Children learn by this,
 obedient hearts to show,
 and honour still your Parents dear,
 for God commanded so.
 and think how he did turn his Meat
 to poisonous Toads indeed,
 Which did his fathers face deny,
 because he stood in need.

FINIS.

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